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VAMPIRELLA

VAMPI
#46

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ALIEN INVADERS
HUNT, PILLAGE
A DYING WORLD!
AND A BEAUTIFUL
SEDUCTRESS
MUST KILL FOR
THE FIRST TIME!

THE
INCREDIBLE
ORIGIN OF
VAMPIRELLA
RETOLD!



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CONCEIT
The wingless from the moon. Dracula's daughter. Filled before her entire planet. Ready for flight. As waiting period by VAMPIRELLA actor, Ken Kelly

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VAMPIRELLA

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VAMPIRELLA: STARCROSSED

The rivers trickled with blood, nurturing veins coarsing over the planet Drakulon's surface. They flowed freely. Then stopped. And a planet died. Native Vampyrs, unable to break taboos forbidding the taking of life, died with it. But out of desperation was born an individual with uncanny willingness to do the unheard of. To kill. To survive. The haunting vampire woman... VAMPIRELLA!

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DEATH'S DARK ANGEL

W.W.

Wade was dying. The doctors had given him a year. If he was careful. And nothing could save him. Not his oil wells, yachts, factories, mansions, untold wealth. Not even the demon he commanded could prevent his joining the corpses that inhabited his family crypt. Nevertheless, Wade planned to cheat death. Chaos would aid him. As would the Van Helsing's & a girl... VAMPIRELLA!

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ISLE OF THE HUNTRESS

Jean's

wife had leukemia. Was dying. To save her, he had made a binding contract with Chaos. And had neglected to read the fine print. Now they lived in a lush tropical paradise. A verdant island afflicted with the stench of death. There was no escaping the dread consequence of their action. Then a shipwrecked VAMPI and Pendragon stagger up the beach. And into a fight for their lives.

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THE MONSTER: VAMPIRELLA

Conrad Van Helsing was dead. Pendragon, mortally wounded... dying. Adam Van Helsing jailed for the murder of a man who was his best friend. VAMPIRELLA's world, unpredictable at best, was now at its worst. All the love, loyalty, friendship she had cherished had been ripped from her. She had had a serious head injury. She was hunted by the police. She was alone. She was hungry!

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I AM ABOUT TO DISPEL A
SUPERSTITION. YET THEY SAY
SUPERSTITIONS ARE BUT THE
SHADOWS OF **TRUTHS**.

THEREFORE THE VERY THING I
MUST EXPLAIN LIES EMBODIED
IN FORBODING **REALITY**.

IT BEGAN **HERE**.

IN A **QUIET PLACE**. A **DARK**
PLACE. A PLACE OF **SHADOW**
AND SOMBER **PEACE**. IN A
WORLD WHERE THE SANDS WERE
JUST RED, SPROUTING VIOLET
TREES BEARING FUCHIA COLORED
FRUIT. WHERE **LIFE** FLOURISHED
AND WAS AS RICH AS POOLING
BLOOD.

ONCE THERE WAS A PLACE OF
SUCH WONDER, SUCH AWESOME
LOVELINESS, SUCH FULL-MOON-
NIGHTED LUSHNESS AS WILL
NEVER BE KNOWN AGAIN IN
ALL THE UNIVERSE.

THIS WAS **MY WORLD**...

MY DARK, DYING DRAGON!

IT WAS A WORLD OF COOLING **BREEZES**
AND SOARING, TOWERING BURNISHED
SUNS. LIFE'S COMPLEXITIES WERE
NONEXISTENT UPON THE WARM, RED PLANET.

I COULD **EVOLVE** MYSELF INTO A **WINGED**
FORM AND DAZZLE THE TUMBLING HEIGHTS,
CHASE THE SHOUTING **WIND** AND COLUMNS
OF ANCIENT DESIGN.

LIFE WAS RICH, PLEASANT, AND OF ITS
FROTHING FOUNT I DRANK PEEPLY AND
FOUND MY SOUL'S LASTING **CONTENTMENT**.

MY DRAGON. MY DEAR LOST,
FORGOTTEN **DRAGON**.

ARTHUR COULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO BROKEN-
HEARTED AS GLEAMING **CAMELOT** TARNISHED
AND WENT TO DUSTY MEMORY AS I...

...WHEN FABLED **DRAGON** DIED QUIETLY
ONE LONG AGO SUMMER'S NIGHT.

I WAS ONLY ONE PERSON, ONE INHABITANT, AMONG MILLIONS THERE. THEN, I HAD NO POWERS WHICH WERE UNUSUAL OR BUZZING. YET... I WAS DIFFERENT.



I HAD A WILL, TO EXIST. THIS SET ME APART FROM THOSE OF MY WORLD. WHEN THE SCIENTISTS FORETOLD THE APPROACHING DEATH OF OUR PLANET, I ALONE DARED TO SURVIVE.



TATTOOED IN OUR CRADLES WERE THE BELIEFS OF OUR FATHERS... SCAMS WHICH SEEMED SUPERFICIAL, BUT WERE INDELIBLE. A DRAGONLON IS ALLOWED ONLY TO LIVE IN HARMONY WITH NATURE.



TO LIVE OUTSIDE THAT CODE IS TO LIVE IN SHAME, WORSE THAN EXTINCTION. I CHOOSE THE SHAME, BUT IT WAS NOT SHAME. SIMPLY SORROW.



I LIVED WHEN MY RACE DIED. TO LIVE WITH THE MEMORY THAT SUCH BEAUTY IS NO MORE. THAT IS THE SHADOW.



TO REMEMBER DRAGONLON IS THE SORROW I BEAR. YET I SHALL NEVER FORGET NOW. LET IT BE FORGOTTEN.



I AM FROM THE WORLD CALLED DRAGONLON. I AM OF THE RACE, THE DRAGON. I HAVE THE GOD-GIVEN ABILITY TO EMBODY MY HUMAN FORM TO THAT OF A WINGED ANIMAL, LIKE ALL OF MY WORLD AND RACE, I NEED NOURISHMENT FROM THE ONCE FLOWING WATERS OF DRAGONLON... OR THE PERFECT EQUIVALENT... MAMMALIAN BLOOD.

I AM ALONE TO PLANET EARTH. YET I AM NO MONSTER OF THE NIGHT, NO RAGING BEAST OF FRIGHTENED SUPERSTITION. I AM THE LAST OF MY KIND. I CARRY THE MELANCHOLY MEMORY OF A STAR-CROSSED WORLD. I AM...

THE ORIGIN OF VAMPIRELLA



STORY: BUDD LEWIS / ART: JOSE GONZALEZ

SOMETIMES, WHEN THE
WORLD IS QUIET AND
STILL, WHEN THE MOON
IS RACING THE STARS
ACROSS THE FACE OF
THE EVENING... I
REMEMBER. GOD,
I REMEMBER.

I WAS NO STUDENT OF MY NATIVE
HISTORY BUT I REMEMBER ARCHING,
SPIRALING, DELIRIOUS ARCHITECTURE
SCULPTURED BY THE HANDS OF
ARTISTS MORE ANCIENT THAN
MICHELANGELO, MORE INSPIRED
THAN THE GENIUS OF INDO.

DRAGON...!

RACING WINDS **TUMBLER** IN THE BEST
PROVISION... RICH WARM DEEP AND
REDDER THAN SUMMER WINE

NO STALKERS OF NIGHT PREY WERE THERE, BUT RATHER
LOVERS OF LIFE... AND EACH OTHER.

THEN... IN DARK SILHOUETTED TOWERS,
LACRIMATORY LIGHTS BURNED THROUGHOUT
THE NIGHTS **WEEKS, MONTHS** ON END
SOMETHING WAS **WRONG**, DRAGON
HAD FALLEN **ALL**, AND RESEARCHERS
QUESTED JELENTLESSLY FOR THE **ANSWER**
THE **CURE**!

GREAT **UPHEAVALS** COULD BE FELT IN THE EARTH
FOR THOUSANDS OF MILES, SUDDENLY THERE WERE
FIRE SPREADING **VOLCANOES** TODAY WHERE
YESTERDAY THERE WERE **NONE**

THE PLANET **SPUN** OFF ITS AXIS, THE POLES
INVERTED, MOUNTAINS **ENIGMA** INTO DESERTS,
ICE CAPS **MELTED** INTO STEAM, JUNGLES
SHRIVELLED AND LAY NAKED TO THE PLAINS.

SOMETHING... **SOMETHING** WAS DREADFULLY
WRONG WITH THE WORLD, AND THE **PEOPLE**
ALL THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE **BEGAN DYING**...

I REMEMBER THE DAY THE SCIENTISTS SENT WORD ACROSS THE LAND FOR ALL WAMPYR TO CONVEIN IN CENTRAL CITIES TO HEAR...THE **VERDICT!**

TERRIBLE, YET PROUD AND DIGNIFIED, THE SCIENTIST REPORTED THAT A LAYER SURROUNDING DRAKULON'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE HAD **DETERIORATED**. THE **CREATONE LAYER** SHIELDED THE PLANET FROM THE VICIOUS RADIATION BOMB EXPLOST OF OUR **TWIN SUNS**.



OUR TECHNOLOGY DISCOVERED THIS FACTOR TOO **LATE** IN OUR HISTORY. TOO MANY PEOPLE, OVER-POPULATION, IGNORANCE OF THE BASIC LAWS OF SCIENCE CARVED THE **EPITAPH** UPON OUR **TOMBESTONE**.



YAYS! AN ANIMAL! I THOUGHT THE LAST OF THE WILDLIFE WAS GONE!

THANK GOD I WAS WRONG! HELP ME CATCH IT!

FOR WHAT? WE'D ONLY BE THE WEAKER FOR OUR EFFORT.

WE WERE TOLD THAT ONCE THIS PROTECTIVE LAYER WAS DEPLETED, DRAKULON WOULD **BURN** TO A **PARCHED ASHES**...AS WOULD EVERY LIVING THING UPON IT.

THE GASEOUS ELEMENT EXHALED BY WAMPYRS CALLED **CARBON MONOXIDE**, **ATTACKED**, **DESTROYED** AND **DISPERSED** THE VITAL **CREATONE LAYER**.



OH YES, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

THE ANIMAL IS FILLED WITH THE WATERS! IT BRIMS WITH RICH RED NOURISHMENT.

WE'LL DRINK ITS WATERS AND LIVE A LITTLE LONGER.

DRAIN THE ANIMALS' DRINK! IT YOU'D KILL SOMETHING TO FEED ON IT... JUST TO SURVIVE!



I HAVEN'T ACCEPTED OUR COMING DEATHS TO CHASE THEM AND MYSELF NOW.

NEVER WOULD I WAMPYR KILL A LIVING THING TO SURVIVE! PLEASE... DON'T DO IT!

WE HAVE TO SURVIVE, TRIS! THE CUSTOMS ARE WRONG! THERE'S NOTHING NOBLE IN DYING! WE MUST LIVE!

THE **ELDERS** OF THE WAMPYR CAME TO SPEAK NEXT. THEY SAID THERE WAS GREAT **HOPE** IN **ACCEPTING** A NATURAL DEATH. **DYING** WAS NOT TO QUESTION THE LAWS OF NATURE, OF LIFE, OR DEATH. IT WAS OURS TO SETTLE WITH **DIGNITY** AND FACE THE END. TO THEM, **GENOCIDE WAS NOBLE!**



EVEN IF IT MEANS... KILLING!

IF THE THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF PAIN, TOLL, HOPE AND LOVE IT TOOK TO CREATE OUR CIVILIZATION WERE TO MEAN ANYTHING, MY RACE COULD NOT LET IT END HERE... SIMPLY BECAUSE CUSTOM DECREED IT.

TRIS! HELP ME! HELP ME KILL IT! IT'S NOT WICKED, TROGAN! IT'LL DIE... BUT WE'LL SURVIVE!

TO LOSE THE LIFE OF A LIVING BEING WAS THE GREATEST SIN TO THE WAMPYR... BUT THE LATTER SIN WAS TO ALLOW THE CIVILIZATION TO PERISH. I SURVIVED, EVEN THOUGH IT MEANT KILLING.

BUT MY GREATEST PAIN WAS WHEN I WENT OUT FROM THE CITY... IN A LAMB, IN WANDERERS' BEST, IN ORDER TO FIND A PEOPLE IN NEED OF MY... CONVICTION... SOMEWHERE.



BUT THE LIFE-GIVING RIVERS WERE CANCELED BY THE SUN'S SAVAGE DATE. THEY BOILED... THEN DRIED, AND DRAGULON'S THIRST WAS TRAGIC THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.

LOOK, I'VE OFFERED THE VENG OF ITS NECK.

DRINK WITH ME, PLEASE, SURVIVE WITH ME, TROGAN.

I-I CAN'T. SURVIVE IS HARDER AGAINST ANY BEING OF NATURE. I CAN'T YOU... LISTEN!



LOOK! IN THE SKY! A BLACKNESS!

BUT NOT LIKE ANYTHING WE KNOW, IT HAS ENGINEERED... WHAT... WHAT SORT OF CIVILIZATION WOULD THINK TO PROPEL WITH ENGINEER GOD! LIKE SOMETHING FROM...

FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

"ANOTHER WORLD" INTELLIGENT LIFE? WITH INTELLECTS FAR GREATER... FASTER, ADVANCED THAN OUR OWN! THINK OF IT!

WHY, TH- THEY COULD BE THE SALVATION OF... ALL DRAGULON! THE SAVINGS HE NEED!

FORGET THE AIRCRAFT TRIS BE REALISTIC... PLEASE! DRINK THESE WATERS WITH ME!

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE STRENGTH!



LIFE FORM READ-OUTS PINPOINTED THIS EXACT AREA! SEARCH THE PERIMETER!

OVER THERE, BRIGGER! SEE THEM! ALIENS!

FIRST CONTACT! HOLY JEEZAS! NASH WAS RIGHT... THERE IS HUMANOID LIFE ON THIS PLANET!

AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO SEE IF IT'S HOSTILE OR OTHERWISE...



THIS! Y-YOUR "SAVIORS"... THEY'VE GOT WEAPONS! WE'VE GOT TO RUN! EVOLVE! EVOLVE YOURSELF!



DON'T ASK HIM, WE DON'T WANT THEM TO THINK WE'RE HOSTILE!

HERE'S HER MATE. WATCH HIM, HE MIGHT BE DANGEROUS



COWLEY! WHICH IT! IT... IT'S A BAT! COVER YOUR EYES!

A BAT? WHAT KIND OF PLANET IS THIS?

KILL IT! IT'S GOING FOR MY FACE!



W-WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO KILL ALIEN LIFE... BUT BLASTING ONE LONE BAT CAN'T HARM INTER-PLANET RELATIONS NONE!



CHZZZZT!!

GOT IT!



THEY'VE HURT HER... WAMPDELLAY!



THESE ALIENS... THEY DIDN'T COME TO HELP US... TO SAVE US! THEY'RE NO MORE THAN PIRATES. GOT TO DRIVE THEM AWAY... BUT NOW? I CANNOT DESTROY A LIVING CREATURE



THIS IS NO SMALL GAME HUNT! WE'VE GOT A MISSION TO FINISH.

GET THIS LIFE FORM ON THE SHIP AND STONED AWAY

HE MOVES WRONG, STUN HIM, BUT TRY NOT TO DAMAGE HIM!



I-I MUST FIGHT THEM... DRIVE THEM AWAY!

WAA-- COREY! COREY! GET HIM OFF ME!



YES, TRIS! FIGHT! SURVIVE, TRIS! SURVIVE! I'LL HELP YOU!



NO! TRIS! I-THEY'VE HURT GENTLE TRIS! WHY? WHY ARE THEY DOING THIS?

CH-ZZZT!

THE FEMALE!
SHE CAME BACK TO
HELP HER MATE!
GET HER ON
BOARD, TOO!

GOD!
SHE'S
MORE
POWERFUL
THAN A
GROWN MAN!
LET ME RESCUE
HER!

JAM! SHE'S
GOT FANGS... LIKE
A WOLF! GET BACK
FROM HER!

I WAS IN THE GRASP OF STRANGE
ALIENS ON MY NATIVE WORLD WHEN
I REALIZED THE BRUTALITY TO
WHICH I HAD PLEDGED MYSELF TO
SURVIVE. I HAD TO TAKE A HUMAN
LIFE. IT WAS NOT PLEASURE. IT
WAS NOT PAIN. IT WAS SURVIVAL!

ONCE COMMITTED TO THE SIN, TEN
THOUSAND SINS MORE COULD NOT
GUIN ME MORE BLOODY! I WAS
DEAD. NOW... ALL OF DEADLY!
I WOULD LIVE... EVEN IF IT MEANT
OTHERS WOULD HAVE TO DIE!

AARGH!

YOU WILL YOU
DIE AS QUICKLY AS
YOUR MATE!

WITH EACH
WAVE I KILL. I
GROW MORE POWER-
FUL. IT IS YOUR
TURN.

HIS WORDS ARE
STRANGE. I CANNOT
UNDERSTAND WHAT
HE SAYS! BUT HIS TONE...
HIS VOICE... TELLS ME
HE IS AS CRUEL AS
MY DELOVED TRISTAN!

SHE MUST THINK
WE'RE SOME KIND OF
ALIEN INVADERS!

NO, PLEASE. WE WE
DON'T MEAN TO HURT
ANYONE

I'M ONLY A
SCIENTIST EXPLOR-
ING AN ALIEN
PLANET! YOU'VE
HURTERED MY
SHIP COMPANIONS.
A-AND NOW I'M
ALONE! PLEASE
HELP ME.

1- I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND HER! BUT I
KNOW WHAT SHE MEANS!
S-SHE WANTS ME DEAD...
LIKE BRIGGS AND
COUTER.

2- I CANNOT
HARM ONE LING
HER!

1- IT MUST HAVE ALL
BEEN A TERRIBLE MIS-
TAK! THE ALIENS
NEVER MEANT TO HARM
US! THEY... LIKE US,
ONLY REACTED WHEN
THEY THOUGHT WE WERE
A THREAT TO THEM!

A-AND I
KILLED
THEM! NO
NO!

PLEASE, COME BACK!
HELP ME, I'M SORRY!
WE JUST DIDN'T UNDER-
STAND! PLEASE! PLEASE!

I FLED THE MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD. I LEFT HIM TO BE AS ALONE AS I FELT... ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS AS I WAS WITH MINE. NIGHTS OF TRISTAN. OF SURVIVAL OF A DYING PLANET!

I KNEW THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME ANSWER, SOME THEORY... SOME ATTEMPT AT RECOVERING THE LOST ATMOSPHERIC LAYER OR... PRAYFUL ON. BUT NOTHING WAS EVEN TRIED.

HE OFFERED ME... ALLOWED FATE TO FIND THEM, KILL THEM... BUT I ALLOWED IT TO TRANSFORM ME INTO A... VAMPIRE!



WHERE WILL I GO NOW? AND WHY?

BEFORE... WITH TRIS, THERE WAS A REASON TO LIVE ON. NOW... WHY SHOULD I LIVE WHEN EVERYONE ELSE HAS GIVEN UP?

I NEVER IMAGINED IT COULD HAPPEN LIKE IT HAS...!



SOMEONE... SOMEONE VERY DEAR TO ME, SOMEONE LIKE ME, BUT VERY MUCH UNLIKE ME... TOLD ME NOW IT WOULD BE IF I TRIED TO ESCAPE MY RACE'S DESTINY.

HE FORETOLD IT... YET HOW COULD HE HAVE KNOWN?



HE FORETOLD THE COMING OF A MONSTER, A HORRIBLE SHADOW OF THE DARK, A MURDERER... OR MURDERESS!

AND HE SAID THIS TERROR WOULD LOOK SOMEHOW LIKE ME!



I FELT SO ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS, SO TERRIBLY ALONE... ON A WORLD FILLED WITH NOTHING BUT DEATH!





I SUSPECT THAT YOU
DID KNOW ME. I
SUSPECT YOU DID
REMEMBER.

BUT THEN...I
SUSPECT THAT YOU
CANNOT LOOK AT
ME AGAIN, **EVER**
AS YOU ONCE DID.



COME NOW! YOU
SHOULD LOOK AT ME
AND BE PROUD. I AM
YOUR PEOPLE IN
SURVIVOR. I HAVE
LEARNED TO KILL.
TO ATTACK AND
MURDER... OR AT
LEAST I TRIED.

LOOK AND
BE PROUD.



NO WEEPING TEARS
OF JOY TO SEE
ME AGAIN?

I AM A **KILLER**,
GIRL! I HAVE
SURVIVED. I
AM, **PROUD!**
AREN'T YOU?

LOOK AND BE
PROUD OF YOUR
MURDEROUS
TRISTEN!



DASH INTO MY ARMS AND
TELL ME YOU'RE HAPPY
THAT I HAVE SURVIVED
SO **ADMONISH!**



DAMN YOU!
COME KISS ME.
HOLD ME. TELL
ME THAT WE'LL
LIVE FOREVER...
KEEPING OFF
THE LIVING!



GET UP, YOU
NEWLING MONSTER!
TELL ME THAT I'LL
BE A MONSTER TOO!
TOGETHER...HIDEOUS
MONSTERS OF THE
DARK! SHALL WE BE!



YES, TOGETHER! FORSAKING
DEATH AND DIGNITY WE'LL
STALK THE NIGHTS, CATCHING
POOLS ~~ANYWHERE~~...SUCKING
THEIR WATERS UNTIL WE ARE
AS THE BLOATED MAGGOTS!



DON'T FIGHT ME!
JUST IMAGINE OUR
LIVES TOGETHER, WE'LL
NEVER HAVE TO DYE!
NEVER! NOT AS LONG AS
THERE IS A VICTIM
TO BUTCHER!

WE'LL
SURVIVE!



SURVIVAL! THAT'S ALL THERE
IS TO LIFE! JUST FEED, GORGE
AND SURVIVE! AS A FETID
THING OF THE NIGHT...NEVER
SEEING THE DAYLIGHT, NEVER
KNOWING WHAT IT'S LIKE TO
BE ALIVE! ONLY SURVIVING!

THAT'S WHY
I CAME BACK!



BUT THEN, I ALWAYS HAVE
BEEN SOMETHING OTHER THAN
ALIVE. SOMETHING SLAVEY
AND WEAK, FEEDING OFF YOUR
STRENGTH, YOUR WILL, YOUR
HOPES, LOVE AND SECURITY!



BUT NOW I'LL
BE COMPLETE.
A COMPLETE
LEECH!

HURRY GIRL!
BRING ME A FRESH
FAT VICTIM!
SPLIT IT OPEN.
BUTCHER IT
AND LET ME SLEET
ON IT'S WARM,
RICH WATERS!

I'LL SURVIVE
WITH YOU AREN'T
YOU HAPPY?



"ONE USED HIS HAND WARDING. TEARING LIGHT STRUCK ME. I FELL, LOST REALITY. IT HURT BADLY. SO BADLY."

"A BURIAL GROUND LOOKING FOR NEW DEAD FOUND ME."

"I TRIED TO SCREAM OUT TO THEM THAT I WAS YET ALIVE... BUT THEY COULDN'T HEAR ME. I STREAMED INSIDE MYSELF AGAIN, AGAIN, LOUDER, LOUDER, THEN... THERE WAS SILENCE."

"I WAS IN THE CAVE OF TOMBS. THEY BURIED ME IN THE WET SOIL. A TRICKLE OF WATER WAS DRIPPING UPON MY GRAVE, COVERING ME AS A SHROUD."

I WAS ALONE... ALONE... SO WET COOL DARK... ALONE. I WAS THERE SO LONG, THE MOUSSES CURED MY BURNING WOUNDS... AS I LAY IN MY GRAVE."





THEN... YOU
WILL SURVIVE
THIS DYING WORLD... WITH
ME!



SURVIVE WITH
YOU? BY GOD, I HAVE
SURVIVED DESPITE
YOU! DESPITE MYSELF!

I WILL LIVE
FOREVER!
ALONE!



TRIS, YOU'RE
MAD! LET ME
HELP YOU!

NOW? BY
BUTCHERING
A FAT YOUNG
CHILD TO
FEED ME!



I DON'T NEED
ANYTHING TO
LIVE. BUT I WILL
LIVE. I'LL CONQUER
THIS DYING WORLD!
IT WILL BE MINE!

I WILL
SURVIVE
WHEN EVEN
YOU ARE A
PARANOID
NUSK!

TRIS! THE MACHINE
BLAST... THE GUN...
IT HURTS YOU, YOUR
MIND. YOU'RE NEAR
INSANITY! PLEASE
LET ME--!



LET YOU
WHUFF?
GET AWAY
FROM ME!
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

FOR GOD'S SAKE,
GIRL, GIVE ME THE
DIGNITY OF
SOLITUDE WITH
MY TORMENT!

I DON'T NEED PITY
OR LOVE OR YOU!
GET AWAY FROM
ME!



IF I'M TO BE A MONSTER,
A DRAINER OF WATERS, A
NIGHT STALK-BEAST,
THEN LET ME BE SO ALONE!

YOUR PITY
WOULD
DESTROY
ME!



YOU TOLD ME TO DO IT!
ITS YOUR FAULT! YOU
WOULDN'T LET ME DIE
LIKE A PARANOID! YOU
MADE ME SOMETHING
EVIL... DISGUSTING!



DRAKULON! HEAR ME!
I AM A MONSTER! I WILL NOT
DIE! I WILL NOT DIE! I WILL
DRAIN YOUR BODIES, FEED
UPON YOUR DEAD, RAVAGE
THE LIVING, TORMENT YOUR
LAST HOURS!

I WILL
SURVIVE!
I WILL
SURVIVE!



WHAT HOW? AND WHERE?
WHAT HAVE I DONE? MY HOME,
MY WORLD IS BECOMING A GRAVE-
YARD OF LOST DREAMS AND LIFE.
TRISTAN, MAD, INSANE WITH CAR-
NALITY AND GUILT, HIS EVERY
TORTURED WORD **MOCKS** WHAT
NOW IS BUT A SPECTRAL LOVE.
WHAT DO I DO NOW?



I-I HAVE NO
OTHER CHOICE...I
MUST LEAVE MY HOME...
LEAVE DRAGONLON!



ALL AROUND ME, DEATH AND
DYING, GLOOM AND SADNESS, THE
APOCALYPSE OF A WORLD. IS
THERE NO LIGHT ANYWHERE?
MUST I BE LIKE TRISTAN AND BE-
COME A MONSTER OF THE NIGHT...
TO MERELY EARN MY RIGHT
TO LIVE?



I GIVE NOTHING TO
NOONE. THERE IS NOTHING
HERE. PERHAPS THERE IS
NOTHING BEYOND THIS
WORLD...YET...PERHAPS
THERE IS. SOMEWHERE.



THIS, I AM, ALL THAT'S LEFT OF A ONCE-FAIRY TALE
WORLD. A WORLD OF GENTLE HEARTS AND DREAMS. A
WORLD SO BELLOW IT SWED RATHER THAN KILL. I
AM THE SOLE REMNANT OF A CIVILIZATION THAT HAS
SEEN ITS TWILIGHT.

THEY CALL ME **WHAIMPET**. SOME **FEAR** ME. SOME **HATE** ME. ALL ARE **ALIGNED** TO ME, YET DO NOT ALLOW THE
SUPERSTITION OF THE WORDS I JUMP IN RECOR. YOU FROM THE BITTER-SWEET TRAGEDY THAT WAS **DRAGONLON**.
FOR **WHAIMPET** MEANT "GENTLE PEOPLE, KIND OF HEART."

THIS I **SURVIVE**. I **LIVE**. TRYING TO REESTABLISH
THAT **GENTLENESS** THAT WAS LOST **FOREVER**.

I **WILL** SURVIVE, BUT NOT **SELFSHLY**. I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER MY
ROOTS, MY HERITAGE, AND THE **GOODNESS** IT STOOD FOR, REMEMBERING THE
DEFINITION OF THE NAME: I AM THE LAST OF MY KIND. I AM **WHAIMPET**.

FOG ROLLS AMONG THE JUTTING SLABS OF GRANITE AND MARBLE, A GHOSTLY BLANKET COVERING THIS RESTING PLACE OF THE DEAD, AND OF ONE WHO STILL LIVES, ONE WHO HAS BEEN HOUNDED AND PURSUED LONG POST EXHAUSTION, DRIVEN TO SEEK SANCTUARY IN PLACES SUCH AS THIS, PLEASE MOST MEN SWIM BY NIGHT, FOR THIS IS ONE STRANGE TO THE WORLD SHE WANDERS, ALIEN AND ALONE AMONG A PEOPLE NOT HER OWN, FOR THIS IS...

VAMPIRELLA



AND OUT OF THE FOG TWO MORE
CAME, TWO MORE OF THE LIVING
INTRUDING UPON THE RESTING
DEAD...

JOE DON,
I'M FLAT TELLIN'
YOU MAN... I'M
SCARED! W.W.
WADE'S JEST GOTTA BE
THE RICHEST, MOST
POWERFUL MAN IN
THE STATE!

AN! THAT'S
EXACTLY WHY IT'S
GONNA BE A CINCH, BILLY
BOY! EVERYONE FIDGERS
NOBODY'D DARE PULL
ANYTHIN' ON HIS
PLACE...

... 'SPECIALLY
NOTHIN' LIKE ROBBIN'
ONE OF THE WADE
FAMILY CRYPTS!

BUT THE GUARDS, JOE DON!
THEY SAY OL' WADE'S PRACTICALLY
GOT HIS OWN PRINATE ARMY!

AN! THEY'RE GUARDIN'
HIS OL' WELLS, HIS COTTLE, ALL THEN
FACTORIES... AN! THAT BIG OL'
HOUSE UP THERE ON THE HILL!

THEY AIN'T WORRYIN'
'BOUT THIS FAMILY
GRAVEYARD, BILLY BOY...
NOBODY IS!

I RECKON
YOU'RE RIGHT
JOE DON, BUT
I STILL
FEEL...

**OH, MY
LORDY!**





HIS NAME IN THIS PARTICULAR EXISTENCE IS **SKAAR!** HE IS A LESSER DEMON, HE GOES UNMENTIONED IN THAT BIBLE OF BLOOD, THE "CRIMSON CHRONICLES", HANDBOOK OF THOSE WHO WORSHIP THE MAD, BANISHED GOD, **CHAOS.** FOR LESSER DEMONS ARE MANY, YET POWER FROM THE SEVEN GREAT DEMON SERVANTS OF THE MAD GOD FLOWS IN LARGE MEASURE WITHIN THESE SO-CALLED LESSER BEINGS; POWER TO BE UTILIZED BY CERTAIN **HUMANS** WHO BARGAIN AND BIND THEM INTO THEIR SERVICE. HIS NAME IS **SKAAR,** BUT THIS NIGHT, AS ON MANY ANOTHER, HE MIGHT BETTER BE CALLED...

DEATH'S DARK ANGEL







EVERYBODY DOES...THAT AIN'T OUT BRANDS OR BELLY FOR DORN! IT THEMSELVES! I COURSE MAYBE I'M A LITTLE LUCKIER THAN MOST...MY OL' PAPPY LEFT ME A FAY STAKE AN' A HELLING EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW!

HE KNEW THERE AIN'T ANY DEBS OR DIAL TOO DIRT...AS LONG AS YOU'RE ON THE END! MESSIR, PAPPY WAS SHARP...BUT I RIDER ANYWAY YOU CUT, IT, I FINALLY OUTDONE 'EM AT IT ALL!



HOW CAN YOU RELISH THAT, WARE? IT'S AS THOUGH SOME TERRIBLE, PRYKE DEMON WERE DRIVING YOU...

WELL, NOW, MAYBE THERE IS AT THAT, DOCTOR... MAYBE THERE IS AT THAT!



EVEN N', MR. WARE! SON! OUT, WANT ME TO COME ALONG?

NOT TONIGHT, FLOYD. YOU JUST SEE THAT THE DOC HERE AN' THE REST OF OUR GUESTS DON'T RUN OUT OF JACK DANIELS AN' BRANCH WATER TO SOAK THEIR SCRUPLES IN!



WHY ON EARTH DOES HE KEEP ME AROUND? HE'S LONG STOPPED LISTENING TO MY OPINIONS... MEDICAL OR OTHERWISE!

WELL, I AIN'T NO RANCY PARK AVENUE SPECIALIST, BUT I CAN TELL YOU ANYTHIN' HE DOES, OL' W.W. KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOIN'!



DOES HE? THEN HOW CAN HE SURROUND HIMSELF WITH PACKS OF CHARLATANS AND PUSHERS? HE'S SO AFRAID OF DYING HE'LL LISTEN TO ANY CRACKPOT WITH A THEORY FOR PROLONGING LIFE OR CHEATING DEATH!

YET IF W.W. WIDE KNOWS SUCH FEAR IT IS CAREFULLY CONTROLLED AS HIS WALK TAKES HIM DIRECTLY TO THE FAMILY BURIAL GROUND...

AND SUDDENLY A VOICE WHISPER FROM THE GRAVEYARD DARK, LIKE THE SOUND OF SERPENTS WHISPERING...

ALL RIGHT. I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME! COME OUT, DAMN YOU. I WANT TO TALK!

YEARS OF HAVING ME AT YOUR COMMAND HAVE MADE YOU ARROGANT, MR. WIDE-A-LUXURY YOU HAVEN'T LONG TO ENJOY.

WHEN DEATH COMES TO YOU, I'LL TRAVEL IN HIS SHADOW...TO CLAIM YOUR SOUL FOR MYSELF AND CHAOS!

...BUT I AM NOT DONE KICKIN' AROUND ON THIS EARTH YET! AM LONG AS I DO, YOU'RE STILL JUMPIN' THROUGH MY HOOP! WHAT WENT ON OUT HERE TONIGHT?

COULDN'T SEE MUCH FROM MY WINDOW! DON'T CARE 'BOUT THEM TWO CRIME-ROBBIN' PUNKS, IT'S THE GIRL THAT INTERESTS ME...

THAT'S THE BARGIN RIGHT ENOUGH...

WHY'D YOU LET HER LIVE?

THERE WAS A CERTAIN... UNUSUAL QUALITY... I SENSED IN HER. A DIFFERENCE FROM THE MOST OF OTHERS YOU HAVE SET ME UPON OVER THE YEARS...

TAKE ME TO HER! TAKE ME TO HER AT ONCE!

HOURS PASS. THEN WIDE HANSON FEELS THE EXPLOSIVE REAPPEARANCE OF THE DOOMED AND DYING MAN WHO OWNS IT...

FLOYD! GET 'EM OUT! GET THIS HERD OF RUTHLESS FAKES OUT OF HERE!

THEN I WANT YOU TO GET HOLD OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND THE HIGHWAY PATROL!

ANOTHER NIGHT, ANOTHER FOX, UNDER THE ROLLING CLOUDS, A BENTLEY CAR MOVES ALONG THE STRAIGHT, WINDING HIGHWAY...

WE SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS LONG AGO, ADAM! CIRCULATING THE GIRL'S DESCRIPTION TO LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES HAS BROUGHT SOME PROMISING LEADS!

IT ALSO MEANS SHE'S BEEN RELENTLESSLY HOUNDED, DAD...

...AND YET SINCE OUR LAST ENCOUNTER I'VE MORE DOUBTS THAN EVER THAT SHE'S THE BLOOD-LUSTING MONSTER WE ORIGINALLY THOUGHT!

YOU'RE YOUNG, ADAM, AND SHE'S BEAUTIFUL. TWO POWERFUL COMPONENTS FOR SELF-DECEPTION...

MY OWN PSYCHIC VISION HASN'T BEEN WRONG IN THE PAST, SON, AND THE EMANATIONS FROM THIS GIRL ARE...

UH-UH, DAD! WHATEVER THE TRUTH ABOUT HER, THAT PSI-POWER APPARENTLY DOESN'T COME THROUGH AGAINST SPEED TRAPS!

DON'T FRET, GENTS! I'M FROM THE WADE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE... Y'ALL ARE ADAM AND CONRAD VAN HELSING, RIGHT? GOT A DESCRIPTION OF YOUR CAR FROM THE RENTAL AGENCY...

VERY IMPORTANT MAN WAS A BEE IN HIS BONNET TO SEE YOU! MISTER WIM WIDE HUMBEL!

I'VE MET MR. WADE IN THE PAST. EVEN IF I COULD TOLERATE THE FASCIST-STYLE POLITICS HE UNDERWRITES, OR THE SLANDEROUS, HATE-MONGERING PUBLISHING EMPIRE HE BACKS, MR. WADE MANAGES TO BE SO PERSONALLY DESPICABLE I'D NEVER REPEAT THE EXPERIENCE!

WE'LL Y'ALL ARE ENTITLED TO YOUR OPINION...

...BUT IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY, WHEN W.W. WADE WANTS SOMETHIN' WE SEE HE GETS IT!

BOY! HOWDY, ON TOP O' SPEEDIN' AND DRUNK DRIVIN'! HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID AS TO RESIST ARREST?!

IN THE DARKNESS, WHISTLEBELL STRAINS AND STRUGGLES AGAINST THE CHAIN-BINDING MEN, KNOWING AS LONG AS SHE IS SOUND IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO USE THE POWERS THAT COULD TRANSFORM HER INTO BAT-FORM. KNOWING WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT OF SORROW-A TERRIBLE NEED-A HUNGER-GROWING FEROCIOUSLY WITHIN HER...



IT IS NO USE, YOU BUT EXHAUST YOURSELF BEFORE THE TRUE ORdeal.

YOU!
YOU CAUGHT ME OFF-GUARD, DID SOMETHING TO MY MIND THAT MADE ME COLLAPSE AND...



THE SERUM VIAL WHO SWARMED IT? IF I DON'T TAKE A FULL DOSAGE EVERY 24 HOURS I REVERT BACK TO FEEDING ON... ON...

WADE SUSPECTED AS MUCH WHEN HE FOUND IT ON YOU. IT WAS HE WHO SMASHED IT UNDERFOOT...



WADE! THAT DISGUSTING OLD MAN... I HEARD YOU BRING ME HERE, CHAIN ME! WHY IS HE DOING THIS? WHAT DOES HE WANT!

I ONLY HAVE MY SUSPICIONS. WE MUST WAIT, THE TWO OF US. IT WILL NOT BE LONG...



AN! DR. VAN WILSON... AND SON! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO AN OL' COUNTRY BOY LIKE ME TO HAVE A COUPLE OF BOWTIE EXPERTS ON THE SUPERNATURAL UNDER MY ROOF...

AND WE WOULDN'T CARE... EXCEPT IT SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY WAY WE CAN GET THE FALSE CHARGES LODGED AGAINST US BY YOUR WAGGON COUNTY GESTAPO DROPPED!



WHAT THE DEVL
IS THE PURPOSE
OF A PLACE LIKE
THIS, WADE?

STARTED OUT
AS A BOMB
SHELTER, THEN I
FOUND OUT IT WAS SORTA
HANDY FOR...PARTIES,
YOU MIGHT CALL 'EM.
LITTLE GET-TOGETHERS
YOU WOULDN'T WANT
EVERYONE
TO KNOW 'BOUT...

DON'T DO TOO
MUCH OF THAT NOW
THAT I'M GETTIN'
ON, BUT THE
PLACE STILL
HAS IT'S
USGS...

...SEE FOR
YOURSELVES!

AN' WHILE
YOU'RE LOOKIN',
I'LL TAKE THE LAST
BIT O' EXPERT
ADVICE I NEED FROM
YOU TWO...
IS THIS A REAL
VAMPIRE?!







BUT HE'S RIGHT ABOUT THE HUNGER...THE NEED GROWING WITHIN ME, WITHOUT MY SERUM TO CONTROL IT, I MUST HAVE BLOOD! AND TO SEE IT, SMELL IT, POISONS FROM YOUR WOUNDS...

W-WHAT...?
FEEL SO DAMN WEAK...GOT TO SEE HOW DAMN I AM...



LISTEN... PLEASE! I REMEMBER YOU APPRECIATE THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME, BUT DON'T...! BUT YOU AND YOUR FATHER MUST GET OUT OF HERE... SAVE YOURSELVES! I CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY DEATH... OR MUCH LONGER...

YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE ANY VAMPIRE I EVER ENCOUNTERED... ARE YOU ONE...? DID YOU KILL MY UNCLE...?

[SEE WAMPI @ 15 "CARDINAL OF THE DAMNED"]

AND VAMPIRELLA SPEAKS SOFTLY, HURRIEDLY, TO ADAM VAN HELSING OF DRAKULON, HER HOME WORLD WHERE BLOOD IS THE LIFE AS FOOD AND WATER ARE TO EARTH; OF THE DROUGHT THAT DROVE HER TO THIS PLANE; OF BEING A HUNTRESS AMONG WALKING UNTIL LOVE FROM A MAN, AND THE SERUM HE INVENTED, MADE HER AN ALLY IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF CHAOS...



THEN YOU'RE NOT REALLY TO BLAME FOR SOME OF THE WRONGS YOU'VE DONE... ALIEN ON THIS WORLD YOU COULDN'T HELP... COULDN'T HELP...

UHHHHHHHHH...!

ADAM!
NO! YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP... GET OUT OF HERE!

BUT ADAM VAN HELSING LIES STILL. TIME PASSES. TIME THAT INFLAMED VAMPIRELLA, DRIVES HER TO DRAW ON UNTAPPED WELLS OF ALIEN-BORN STRENGTH AND PROWESS, WHIPS HER INTO A FURY... A BLOODLUST... THAT CAN ONLY END WITH...









AND A WOUNDED MAN, ANXIOUSLY MOVING HIMSELF
AND THE FATHER HE LOVES FROM ONE SQUARE YET
IMMINENT DANGER...

...OVERLOOKS **ANOTHER** TAR MORE
DEADLY!

SKAAR! THERE ARE
TWO THAT NEED
DESTROYIN'! I
COMMAND YOU...**DO IT!**
DO IT NOW!

AND WHILE YOU'RE
DOIN' THAT DEED, I'LL
BE INSURIN' YOU'LL BE
WINE TO COMMAND
FOR **ETERNITY!**
MAH! OL' PAPPY'D BE
GREEN IF HE KNEW
THE WAY HIS LITTLE
BOY'S **OUTDONE**
IN!



AND OUTSIDE THE WIDE HANSON, DOOM COMES SWIFTLY
ON SILENT BLACK WINGS OF SHADOW...



THE
NIGHT AIR,
AGAIN... NO?
GOOD TO FEEL
THE NIGHT
AIR...

WE SHOULD
BE... SAFE NOW,
DAD...

WHILE IN THE DARK, SECRET
CELLARS BELOW...

I'VE WAITED LONG
ENOUGH... STRENGTH
OF BLOODLUST IS
PAPING... I OR IS IT TOO
LONG... **FATALLY**
LONG P WEAH...
CAN'T MAKE
TRANSFORMATION
TO BAT... BARELY
MOVE...



THEN OL' W.W.'S
TWIN' IS JUST ABOUT
PERFECT, ISN'T
IT, GWEETHART?









COME ON, DEMON!
THROUGH THE YEARS VAN
Helsing's HAVE BATTLED
YOUR KIND! WE'LL
DIE FIGHTING
YOU NOW!

O-DAH...!
IT'S...



...GONE
WE'RE GONE
NOW! IT'S
GONE!

BUT
WHERE,
ADAM?
WHERE...!



IF YOU'VE APPEARED TO
VENGE YOUR MASTER...
THIS TIME I'M PREPARED!
WHETHER YOUR ATTACK IS
PHYSICAL OR MENTAL!

I AM NOT
HERE FOR
VENGEANCE
WORTH OF ANOTHER
WORLD, BUT A
SOUL... HIS
SOUL!



WE THOUGHT
WE CHEATED
YOU...

NO, IT IS
I WHO HAVE CHEATED
HIM! CHEATED HIM AS
I HAVE FROM THE
MOMENT LONG YEARS
AGO WHEN FIRST WE
MADE OUR BARGAIN...



YOU ARE NO
VAHIRE... NOT AS
EARTH KNOWS THEM!
YOUR ALIEN LIFE CYCLE
HAS PRODUCED SIMILARITY,
BUT I SENSED THE
DIFFERENCE THE
MOMENT I FOUND YOU...
YOUR SITE MAY KILL, BUT
IT DOES NOT INFECT!
WAGE WILL NOT
RISE AGAIN!

SO WAGE'S
SOUL MEAN SO
MUCH THAT CHAOS
WOULD GO TO SUCH
LENGTHS TO CLAIM IT...!



NOT CHAOS... ME! THERE IS A
WAY FOR A DEMON TO GAIN FREEDOM,
PEACE... BY FINDING A SOUL SLACKER
THAN HIS OWN TO REPLACE!
I HAD TO MAKE THOSE
YEARS TO MAKE
CERTAIN HIS SOUL
EXCELLED MINE...

MY SUCCESS
IS NOT UNFITTING.
IN THE END
BEFORE I WAS SHOWN
THE DEMON, I WAS
FATHER TO
HIM, MADE!

THE LOW VOICE PAUSES AND SUDDENLY VAMPRELLA
STARES INTO EMPTY SPACE, INTO DARKNESS
LONELY AND GLOOMY...

... AND IN THAT PLACE BEYOND TIME, BEYOND SPACE, YET CLOSE AS AN INSTANT'S MADNESS... IN THAT SHAMBLING COSMOS HOLDING THE MAD, BANISHED GOD CHASE AND HIS SEVEN SERVANTS... IN THAT REALITY BEYOND ALL REALITIES CALLED THE NETHER-VOID... A DEAD MAN SREAMS!

FOR HIS MIND HAS BEGUN TO HAVE INSIGHT INTO WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A DEMON SUCH AS SAGAR... TO HAVE POWER WITHOUT PLEASURE, TO HAVE EXISTENCE WITHOUT MEANING... AND TO POSSESS A TOUCH OF FIRE... AND FIND IT FUELED BY THE ETERNAL BURNING OF ONE'S OWN SOUL!

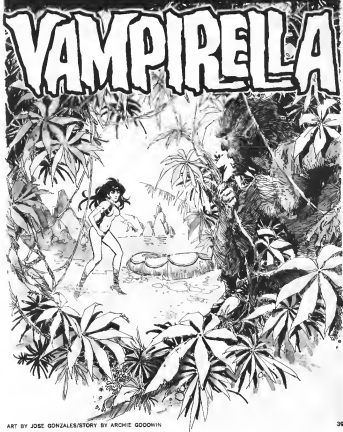
EPYLOGUE: IN THE NOW DESERTED WIDE MANSION, VAMPRELLA MOVES HER WAY UP FROM THE CELLAR IN DARKNESS AND THROWS OPEN SHUTTERS TO THE RESTRAINING NIGHT...

... THE GROUNDS BELOW ARE EMPTY, ADAM AND CONROD VAN HELSING HOME GONE... THAT THEY WILL RETURN SHE IS SURE; BUT IF IT WILL BE AS HUNTERS OR ALLIES SHE CANNOT SAY...

SHE CAN ONLY FLY, TRANSFORMED, TOWARD THE THIN LINE OF LIGHT ON THE HORIZON THAT WILL BECOME THE NEW SUN... AND WONDER WHAT THAT DAY HOLDS FOR A MONSTER FROM DISTANT ORKILLON!



PROLOGUE: FOR THREE DAYS THE RAFT HAS DRIFTED, WASHED BY THE BLUE-GREEN WAVES OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA. NOW IT RESTS ON SAND MADE WHITE AND BRILLIANT BY THE MID-DAY SUN. BUT THE GIRL, THE RAFT WAS CARRIED TO THIS STRANGE SHORE LOOKS BEYOND THE BRILLIANCE TO THE JUNGLE AND THE DARKNESS AND SHADOW THAT CLOAK IT. FOR IN HER TIME ON THIS WORLD NOT HER OWN, SHE HAS LEARNED MANY DANGERS ARE HIDDEN BY SHADOW, MANY EVILS ARE MASKED IN DARKNESS. ESPECIALLY FOR HER. ESPECIALLY FOR...





THIS WAY, MY DEAR!
THE FORCES OF CHAOS
MAY HAVE TORN A SHIP
OUT FROM UNDER US AND
CAST US ADRIFT...
BUT SALVATION IS
AT HAND!

*SEE VAMPIRELLA # 13



FORGIVE ME,
VAMPIRELLA. I
SOMETIMES FORGET
YOU DON'T
NECESSARILY SHARE
THE SAME NEEDS
WE EARTHLINGS GET
SUCH STORE BY.



WATER!
FRIENDS AND FELLOW
MAGICIANS FAMILAR
WITH MY PENDANT FOR
STERNER SPIRITS MIGHT
BE SHOCKED...BUT A FEW
DAYS WITHOUT IT GIVES
ONE A WHOLE NEW
PERSPECTIVE! INDULGE,
MY DEAR, INDULGE!

RIGHT NOW I WISH
I DID, PENDRAGON. THAT'S
MY LAST VIAL OF SERUM!
ANOTHER 24 HOURS AND I'LL
CRAVE HUMAN BLOOD AS
DESPERATELY AS
VAMPIRE OUT ANY OF
YOUR WORLD'S
LEGENDS...



FOR YOUR
SAKE, WE'VE GOT
TO SEPARATE! INTO
THE JUNGLE! YOU'LL
HAVE A DAY TO HIDE,
TO PROTECT
YOURSELF!

B-BUT...
WE DON'T KNOW
IF THE ISLAND'S
INHABITED OR NOT.
THERE MAY BE A
LABORATORY, SOME SORT
OF FACILITY, WHERE YOU COULD
MAKE NEW SERUM...



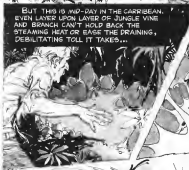
WE CAN'T COUNT
ON THAT, PENDRAGON!
YOU'VE GOT TO GO...
NOW!



RUN, PLEASE!
GET AS FAR AWAY
AS YOU CAN! AND
I PRAY...



... YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO ESCAPE
ME!



BUT THIS IS MID-DAY IN THE GARRIBEAN.
EVEN LAYER UPON LAYER OF JUNGLE VINE
AND BRANCH CAN'T HOLD BACK THE
STEAMING HEAT OR EASE THE DRAINING,
DEBILITATING TOLL IT TAKES...



HOW LONG CAN ANY MAN RUN?



HOW LONG IS A MOMENT OF HORROR? A SECOND... AN ETERNITY? ONE IS TAKING PLACE NOW, BEFORE YOUR EYES. AS A SCREAM ECHOS THROUGH THE JUNGLE... AS A CREATURE OF NIGHTMARE MOVES TO LEAP... AS A JET-BLACK SHAPE SWOOPS SWIFTLY FORWARD ON SILENT WINGS...



...AND VAMPIRELLA STRIKES!



GIRL OF THE DISTANT WORLD CALLED DRAKULON, BESTIAL THING UNKNOWN AND UNNAMED... LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT, LAUNCHING A CHAIN OF TERROR THAT WILL SWEEP UNCHECKED ACROSS THIS HAUNTED ISLAND THIS ...

ISLE OF THE HUNTRESS!

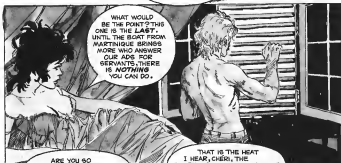


COME BACK TO BED, JEAN.
IT IS STILL
LIGHT.

NO! I CAN
HEAR IT OUT
THERE! IT'S
FOUND
SOMETHING!

A SMALL
ANIMAL PERHAPS.
COME BACK TO
BED, JEAN.

WHO CAN
SLEEP IN THIS
DAWN HEAT? WHO CAN
DO **ANYTHING**? I
SHOULD BE IN THE LAB,
VIVIANNE. I SHOULD
BE WORKING.



WHAT WOULD
BE THE POINT? THIS
ONE IS THE **LAST**.
UNTIL THE BOAT FROM
MARTINIQUE BRINGS
MORE WHO ANSWER
OUR ADS FOR
SERVANTS, THERE
IS **NOTHING**
YOU CAN DO.

ARE YOU SO
CERTAIN **THIS** ONE IS A
FAILURE, VIVIANNE? SOMETIMES
I THINK YOU BEGIN TO **LIKE**
IT... THE HUNT, THE KILL...
THE **SPORT**!

THAT IS THE HEAT
I HEAR, **CHÉRI**, THE
TIREDDNESS... COME, JEAN, COME
TO BED. COME, **CHÉRI**...
BEFORE IT GROWS DARK,
BEFORE --





I CAN STILL HEAR IT! THE SHARLING, THE FIGHTING SOUNDS FROM OUT IN THE JUNGLE... SOMETHING IS WRONG!



CHÉRI, WHAT COULD IT BE? MUST WE WASTE THE LITTLE DAYLIGHT LEFT US --



I AM GOING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS, VIVienne. COME OR STAY, AS YOU PLEASE.

AND AFTER PUSHING THROUGH THE HEAT, THE UNDERBRUSH...



THERE... LISTEN! HEY! WHAT A DIN! IT'S COMING FROM THE POOL ON THE MAIN TRAIL!

QUICKLY, VIVienne QUICKLY!



NO! I-IT CANNOT BE...

MUST IT ALWAYS BE SO HARD FOR YOU TO ACCEPT YOUR FAILURES, JEAN?



DEAD... DEAD ALREADY! AND YOU MEANT THIS FOR ME?!

WHO ARE YOU, OLD MAN? HOW DID YOU GET HERE? DID YOU DO THIS?!



PENDRAGON IS THE NAME. I AM A MAGICIAN BY TRADE, BUT MY ILLUSIONS ARE FOR THE STAGE, SIR... MIRACLES OF THIS CALIBER ARE NOT IN MY POWER!

A BAT? A BAT
INDEED! THE OLD MAN IS
MAD, OR GENTLE! WHAT
NOW, JEAN...WHAT
WILL WE DO ABOUT
TONIGHT?

THERE IS NO
CHOICE, VIVIENNE.
I MUST TRY TO USE
MONSIEUR PENDERAGON
OR WHOEVER HE
CLAIMS TO BE!

HE IS
TOO OLD,
WEAK! IT IS
USELESS...
WASTED
TIME!

MADAME, YOU
MALIGN ME! I MAY
BE WELL SEASONED,
BUT OLD... NEVER!
NOW TELL ME WHAT
THIS IS ALL--

SILENCE,
BOTH OF YOU!
LISTEN...

CLAIMS?
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN CLAIMS?
WHY IN THE GLORIOUS
DAYS OF VALEVILLE
MY NAME WAS--

AND SOON EVEN THAT SOUND DIES TO
A SPUTTER... A COUGH... THEN, SILENCE!

A PLANE!
AND FROM THE
SOUND OF THOSE
ENGINES... IN
TROUBLE!

THEY'RE
TRYING TO
BRING IT DOWN
IN THE
COVE!

HANG
ON, RICK!
WE'RE CLEAR!
DON'T GIVE
UP NOW!



FIGHT IT,
RICK... DON'T
LET THIS
UNCERTAIN
GET US...!



WE'RE GOING TO
MAKE IT, FELLA...
DON'T GIVE UP...
WE'RE GOING TO...



YOU HAVE
MADE IT, MONSIEUR.
YOUR FRIEND
APPEARS TO BE
DEAD.

WHAT...?
OH, NO...
NO!



KNOWN EACH OTHER
SINCE COLLEGE... HE
RUNS CHARTER PLANE
SERVICE... AGREED TO
HELP ME SEARCH
FOR MISSING
SHIP... ANY
SURVIVORS...

GOT LOW ON FUEL...
RICK WANTED TO TURN
BACK... BUT I KEPT
INSISTING... FEW
MORE PASSES... THEN
WE SAW ISLAND AND--



YOU MUST
HAVE SEEN
THE REST! ALL
MY FAULT!

WOULDN'T HAVE
HAPPENED IF I WEREN'T
SO DESPERATE TO FIND
THIS GIRL. I'M ADAM
VAN HELSING AND--



YOUR
NAME DOES
NOT
MATTER.

WOK!



WITH EVENING, VAMPIRELLA COMES TO THE HOUSE. THE KILLING RAGE THAT SEIZED HER DURING THE BATTLE, THAT MADE HER FLEE IN SHAME AFTER SLAYING THE CREATURE IS GONE. NOW SHE IS AGAIN IN CONTROL, THE EFFECT OF THE SERUM STILL HOLDS. AND NOW, NEW DOUBTS HOLD HER BACK...



CAN'T BE CERTAIN... BUT AS I FLEW AWAY, THE MAN SEEMED TO BE TURNING HIS WEAPON ON PENDRAGON. BEST APPROACH WITH CAUTION...



WE ARE LUCKY, JEAN. CHER!... SO VERY LUCKY! THIS ONE LOOKS WONDERFUL! VERY STRONG...

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?!

THERE IS A PROBLEM, VIVIENNE...

NOT READY FOR TONIGHT? JEAN! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO? YOU KNOW I CAN'T WAIT... CAN'T POSSIBLY WAIT!

I KNOW THAT EACH TIME YOU GROW TO LOVE THE HUNT... THE THRILL... THE CHALLENGE MORE! BUT I CAN'T RUSH THE PROCESS... DON'T WANT ANOTHER FAILURE!



...I CAN'T POSSIBLY HAVE THE INJECTION READY IN TIME TONIGHT!

IT'S ADAM... ADAM VAN HELSING! HE MUST HAVE TRACED ME SINCE I BEGAN WORKING FOR PENDRAGON. FOLLOWED ME HERE...! BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO HIM?

THEN RELEASE THE OLD MAN! RELEASE HIM!



JUST AS HE IS? BUT...

JEAN, IF
YOU LOVE ME,
RELEASE HIM NOW!
NOW!

I MUST HAVE
SOMEONE!

WHAT CAN ONE DO,
MONSIEUR...? NOW YOU
MUST RUN... RUN FOR
YOUR LIFE!

PENDRAGON!
THIS WAY!


VAMPIRELLA!
THANK HEAVEN!
YOUNG VAN HELSING
IS IN THERE
AND--

I KNOW,
BUT THE WOMAN
NOW SEEMS TO
BE THE GREATEST
DANGER. HOW,
PENDRAGON?
WHY?



HIDE,
PENDRAGON!
I'LL TRY TO
DRAW HER
OFF!

NOW THE NIGHT-SHROUDED ISLAND, THE
DEEP-SHADOWED JUNGLE, RINGS WITH A
CRY... THE CRY OF THE BEAST WHEN GAME
IS AFOOT!



AND HUNTRESS AND PREY VANISH AMID
VINE AND FOLIAGE, TREE AND SPREADING
PLANT, LOST TO THE CHASE, LOST FROM
SIGHT... UNTIL NOT EVEN THE SEEKING RAYS
OF THE GREAT FULL MOON CAN FIND THEM.



YOUR
WIFE'S A...A
WEREWOLF!

YES,
MONSIEUR,
A CONDITION
I SEEK TO
CURE.

AND I'M
TO PLAY
SOME PART
IN THAT
CURE?

A SIMILAR,
BUT HOPEFULLY
MORE SUCCESSFUL
ONE...

...THAN
THIS!



FOR GOD'S
SAKE, HOW CAN
YOU DO
THIS?!

WE HAVE A LONG
NIGHT AHEAD, MONSIEUR
VAN HELSING, AND ANY
MAN IS ENTITLED TO
KNOW WHAT LEADS HIM
TO HIS FATE. VERY WELL,
I WILL TELL
YOU...

"I WILL TELL YOU OF ANOTHER TIME,
ANOTHER PLACE... OF PARIS... WHEN I WAS
LAUNCHING A SUCCESSFUL CAREER AS A
BIO-CHEMIST... AND WHEN VIVIENNE
AND I HAD JUST FALLEN IN LOVE."

"NOW I FIND IT UNBELIEVABLE THAT WE HAD
SUCH HAPPINESS AS THEN. PERHAPS IF WE'D
HAD LESS, IT'S SUDDEN END WOULD NOT
HAVE BEEN SO TOTALLY DEVASTATING..."

YOUR
WIFE WISHED
ME TO TELL YOU,
MONSIEUR... IT IS
LEUKEMIA. THERE
IS NOTHING
WE CAN DO.
NOTHING...

ANOTHER
FAILURE!
ANOTHER!

JEAN, WHY
TORTURE ME
YOURSELF? WHY
NOT CLING
TO THE TIME,
THE PRECIOUS
MOMENTS
LEFT US?

"AND IN MY FERVOR, I TURNED FURTHER
AND FURTHER AFIELD FROM THE WAYS AND
METHODS OF ANY SCIENCE... AND I
DISCOVERED SECRETS SOME MEN SHUN!"

THERE ARE
SPELLS IN THIS BOOK,
VIVIENNE... POWERS
GRANTED BY THE
GREAT, BANISHED
GOD IT IS DEDICATED
TO... THAT WILL
WORK! I KNOW
THEY WILL!

YOU BARGAINED
WITH CHAOS, THE
MAD GOD? MY FATHER
AND I HAVE ENCOUNTERED
PEOPLE, CULTS, WHO
TRIED THE SAME... THE
COST IS HIGH, THE
SOUL AND MORE!

BUT I WAS
CLEVER, VAN
HELING! I MASTERED
SPELLS, COUNTER-SPILLS
...UNTIL I COULD GAIN WHAT
WE WANTED AND
LOSE NOTHING!

"OR SO I THOUGHT, UNTIL THE WAYS OF CHAOS WERE DRIVEN SHARPLY, SHATTERINGLY HOME WITH THE FIRST FULL MOON. VIVIENNE WAS SAVED FROM ANY **ILL**, ANY DEATH, THAT PLAGUES ORDINARY MORTALS... CHAOS MADE HER A WEREWOLF!"



YOU MUST KNOW THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS FUTILE! THE ONLY CURE FOR A WEREWOLF IS DEATH... DEATH BY SILVER BULLETS!

I AM WELL AWARE OF THAT, MONSIEUR VAN HELSING. TERRIBLY AWARE...



JEAN! IT WAS HORRIBLE... THE BLOOD... THE SLAUGHTERING...! I CAN'T GO ON DOING THIS! DEATH WOULD BE BETTER... MAKE THEM CHANGE ME BACK... BACK!



"BUT THE DEEDS, THE COSMIC JOKE, OF CHAOS ARE NOT OFTEN UNDONE BY MERE MORTALS, SO WE CAME TO THIS ISLAND... MY NEW LINE OF EXPERIMENTS IN BIO-CHEMISTRY BEGAN..."

...STILL, ONE NEVER GIVES UP HOPING!



AS AN AWFUL, INK-LIKE BLACKNESS SEIZES ADAM VAN HELSING, THE GLOW OF DAWN COMES TO THE ISLAND, TO THE HOUSE, AND WITH IT, THE HUNTRESS COMES HOME.


VIVIENNE!





THE OLD
MAN! IS
HE--


NO, I NEVER SAW
HIM, JEAN. A GIRL
APPEARED--PERHAPS THE
ONE THIS MAN HELD
GEEKS--I SAVED CHASE.
BUT I COULD **NOT** CATCH
HER! FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN MONTHS,
PREY--SIMPLE PREY--
ESCAPED ME!



IT DOES NOT MATTER, MY
LOVE. FORGET THEM. I HAVE
A **FEELING** ABOUT TONIGHT...
TONIGHT I WILL BE READY...
TONIGHT WE WILL HAVE
SUCCESS!



PERHAPS,
CHERI... BUT
IT TROUBLES ME
ABOUT THE GIRL.
HOW DID SHE
DO IT, WHERE
DID SHE
GO?

THE CAVE IS DARK AND COOL, PEACEFUL, PROTECTIVE TO ONE
WHO SLEEPS AN EXHAUSTED SLEEP. BUT IN VAMPIRELLA'S DREAMS
THE NIGHT'S CHASE SOBS ON; THE SHE-WOLF PROWLs AND
STRIKES, AND ONLY IN FLIGHT, ON FLEET BAT-WINGS DOES SHE
ESCAPE TO RUN AGAIN.



THE DAY WEARS ON, THE SLEEP CONTINUES.
BUT THE DREAMS CHANGE. THEY NOW ARE
OF DISTANT DRAKULON BEFORE TWIN GUNS
MADE IT DUST; THEY NOW ARE OF BLOOD--
SUSTENANCE--FLOWING IN STREAMS, IN
POOLS... THERE FOR THE DRINKING...

AND SUDDENLY IT IS EVENING. AND
DRAKULON--LIKE THE GERMAN SHE TOOK THE
DAY BEFORE--IS GONE. THIS IS EARTH,
WHERE BLOOD FLOWS NOT IN STREAMS, BUT IN
LIVING BEINGS... WHERE BEFORE THE
DRINKING, THERE MUST FIRST BE THE
SLAYING.



VAMPIRELLA WAKES TO THE EVENING...
AND FINDS HERSELF A HUNTRISS.

ADAM VAN
HELSEING...
AWAKE.

IT IS
TIME.

TIME?
I THOUGHT
YOU HAD
ALREADY--

LAST NIGHT'S INJECTION
WAS A SEDATIVE. I WANTED
YOU FULLY RESTED, IN
PERFECT STRENGTH FOR
THE ORdeal AHEAD.

THEN, SIR,
MY CONSCIENCE
SHALL REMAIN
UNTRUBLED AT DOING
THIS... AS I
SUSPECT IT WOULD
HAVE ANYWAY!

PENDRAGON!

SORRY FOR THE
DELAY IN DOING THIS,
MY LAD, BUT WITHOUT
THE AID OF SPIRITS,
SCREWING UP MY
COURAGE IS AN ALL-DAY
AFFAIR!

GOOD-BYE,
MONSIEUR VAN
HELSEING. IN MY
OWN WAY, I AM
SORRY.

NO.
FIRST
WE'VE AN
UNPLEASANT
DUTY TO
PERFORM.

THE SMALL
AMOUNT I FOUND
WILL NOT LAST
LONG. I SUGGEST
WE FLEE
BEFORE IT
DOES!

THERE WAS A
PISTOL IN THIS DRAWER
...WITH SILVER BULLETS
IN THE CHAMBER! FOUR
OF THEM! JEAN MUST KEEP
IT AGAINST THE TIME
WHEN--

MY
BOY...

TRY TO FIND
ONE OF JEAN'S
GUNS! I'LL BE LOOKING
FOR SILVER...
ANYTHING WE MIGHT
MELT DOWN TO
MAKE BULLETS, OR
PERHAPS--

WAIT!





TWO MEN FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES! HOWLING,
HORRIBLE DEATH AT THEIR HEELS...

AND AHEAD...THE STRANGEST OF ANGELS
TO PROTECT THEM!



FOR THIS ANGEL IS DRIVEN BY HER OWN HELLISH NEEDS AS WELL AS THE SPARK OF
FEELING FOR THE TWO MEN PURSUED! SHE IS NOT THE SAME REASONING CREATURE
WHO EARLIER RISKED HER LIFE TO LEAD DANGER FROM A FRIEND...



VAMPIRELLA FACES THE BESTIAL THING CHARGING HER WITH MUCH THE SAME
URGE, THE SAME BLOODLUST, AS DRIVES IT...HUNTRESS NOW MEETS
HUNTRESS!

WHILE BACK AT THE LABORATORY...



EVERYTHING
HAS GONE WRONG...
MUST GET
OUTSIDE AND--PAIN!
WHY SUCH PAIN
IN MY--

MY CHEST...
BLEEDING!
AS THOUGH
SOMETHING HAD
STABBED--

DIEU!
I FELL ON
THE
HYPODERMIC!

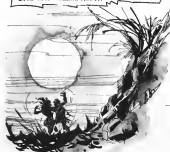


JEAN'S CRY DOES NOT CARRY BEYOND THE HOUSE, FOR THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE IS ALIVE WITH A GREATER SOUND... THE SOUND OF COMBAT, INTENSE AND UNYIELDING. COMBAT TRULY FITTING FOR THE WILDERNESS OF THE JUNGLE SETTING... YET TOO GREAT, TOO VICIOUS, TO BE CONTAINED BY IT.



COMBAT WHICH CAN ONLY END WHEN ONE HAS TRIUMPHED...

...HAS FED ON THE LIVING BLOOD OR FLESH OF THE OTHER!



SO VAMPIRELLA STAGGERS FROM THE SURF, SATIATED... AND PERHAPS ASHAMED AT THIS VICTORY HER STAR-BORN STRENGTH AND SKILL HAVE WON. ASHAMED AT HAVING BECOME, IN ONLY FOR THOSE MOMENTS OF COMBAT, THAT WHICH SHE VOWED NOT TO BE...

AND LOST IN SUCH THOUGHTS, SHE ALMOST DOESN'T HEAR THE WARNING SHOUT THAT COMES!

HUNTRESS!
NO MATTER HOW
I TRY, CIRCUMSTANCES
KEEP FORCING ME
BACK INTO THE OLD
WAYS... HOW LONG
BEFORE IT HAPPENS
AGAIN?

VAMPIRELLA!
LOOK OUT!

WITH A CHURL, THE BEAST THAT HAD BEEN
THE TORTURED JEAN LEAPS! THEN...

BAM!

AT LEAST
THIS TIME
THE BULLETS
WORKED,
MY BOY!

BETTER THAN
THOSE INJECTIONS
JEAN USED ON HUMAN
GUNEA PIGS TO FIND A
CURE FOR HIS WIFE... BUT
WHY SILVER FAILED
AGAINST HER, I'LL
NEVER KNOW!

I-I...
TOLD YOU,
VIVIANNE... TONIGHT
WOULD BE... A
SUCCESS...!

WHAT?
WHAT'S
THAT HE'S
SAYING?



I DID NOT GET TO TELL YOU ALL OF THE JOKE CHAOS PLAYED MONSIEUR VAN HELSING... WHO BUT THE MAD GOD WOULD MAKE VIVIENNE A WEREWOLF SILVER COULD NOT KILL...?

THE PISTOL! TWO SHOTS WERE MISSING... YOU'D ALREADY TRIED TO KILL HER!

...AND FAILED. LONGS AGO... THE INJECTIONS I WORKED ON HERE WERE TO CREATE A BEAST POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SLAY VIVIENNE...

YOU SEE, THE CURE I SOUGHT... THE THING SHE HUNTED FOR... WAS DEATH...

EPILOGUE:

IT ENDS AS IT BEGAN... WITH THE BEACH. ONCE MORE THE SANDS GROW BRIGHT AS THE MORNING SUN RISES, AND ITS SPREADING RAYS FALL ON TWO STILL FORMS WHO HAVE FINALLY GAINED SOMETHING LONGS, LONGS DENIED THEM.



THEY FOUND THEIR OWN SORT OF PEACE, VAMPIRELLA... PERHAPS SOMEBODY WE CAN FIND OURS.

I DON'T KNOW, I THOUGHT IF I MANAGED TO REACH YOU, THAT'S WHAT I COULD OFFER.

BUT YOUR FATHER... HAS HIS MIND CHANGED? OR AM I STILL A VAMPIRE HE MUST STALK AND SLAY?

YES, HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, CONTINUING THE HUNT. BUT I PROMISE THIS, VAMPIRELLA... IF HE DOES FIND YOU, YOU WON'T FACE HIM ALONE!

IS THAT POSSIBLE, ADAM?

AND IN THE SUN'S BRIGHTNESS, A COUPLE, MOMENTARILY HAPPY, STILL SEE SHADOWS. SHADOWS OF A TIME WHEN FATHER AND SON MUST MEET, MUST CLASH, OVER THE GIRL CALLED... VAMPIRELLA!



Shortly after the arrest of Vonnegut and her young companion, and the subsequent sniper shooting at the airport Sunday, Conrad and Adam Van Helwing, old friends of the disabled man, arrived at the hospital.

The old man went to see the suspicious Pen dragon, claimed Lt. Southworth, while I questioned his son about the wounded mystery girl. When I finished with him, the younger Van Helwing visited with the girl for a while, then argued for me to come into the private room. There, he pulled a gun on me, claimed Lt. Southworth, bound my mouth with tape, took my handcuffs, shaking me to the girl's metal bed.



He and the girl then silently fled from the hospital, making good their escape.

But even so the young Van Helwing, who helped the sedated and still seriously wounded girl escape from police custody, yet another figure was silently wounded, his way onto the hospital grounds, past police guards and into the private room of the magician.



Slowly opening the door to the derelict room, the elder Van Helwing must have sensed the killer's presence, leaping from his chair too late. The assassin fired one shot from his 38 caliber semi, hammering the powerless back onto the motionless body of his longtime friend Van Helwing, 65, was killed instantly.

A hospital orderly discovered both Van Helwing's body and the head-cuffed police prisoner, several hours after the two incidents. The gunman and the suspected madman and her young companion had had plenty of time to flee the hospital grounds, leaving them selves in the cold anonymity of New York.





Adam Van Helsing, 27, who was apprehended by police last night, continued the story from there.

"Vampires were denied and in extreme pain from his head wound when we escaped police custody at the hospital," Van Helsing noted in his statement to investigators. "Knowing that officers all over the city were looking for us, we spent the first night on a well-labeled deserted highway on the docks of the lower west side.

We tried to lose ourselves among 52nd Street's backstreets the next day, but Vamps kept slipping in and out of consciousness, apparently from a concussion caused by his wound." Van Helsing continued. "We checked into a run-down hotel where the desk clerk was as wary of us as we were of him.

"I tried to minister to Vamps's injury, changing the bandage, keeping the wounds clean. But the girl was weak, drained from exhaustion and lack of nourishment.

"As I tended him, we both heard the news over a radio that had been softly playing in the background... the news of my father's death. I had seen a notice in the paper earlier that day. But I did not totally believe it until now.

"My father, Conrad Van Helsing, had been shot and killed as he sat in the hospital, by the bedside of his longtime friend, Ponderosa. A lone assassin waded into the hospital and fired one shot, killing my father instantly!

"I, like everyone else, did not know who the gunman was... nor why he had shot Vamps, Ponderosa and my father. I had only a hunch as to who had hired him. A hunch I was angry and hurt enough to follow up, no matter what the risks.





"Sara Granville. Pindragon's daughter. She was behind my father's death. I know it! Once married to the most powerful underworld figure in New Orleans. She had been in prison for more than a year since the death of her husband. But now she was free.

I left Vampirella alone in the hotel room. She was too weak to come with me. I found the name Granville on the telephone directory. It gave the address of a plush east side apartment which was apparently maintained as the family's permanent New York residence.

"I couldn't simply walk into the building, past the doorman and into the girl's apartment," Van Helsing continued. "So I chose a slightly less conspicuous entrance... through the stairs of a flat several buildings down the street, up to the roof, over, and onto the terrace that should have been the Granville apartment."

"It was And then one night, speaking to her blood father 'The Baron,' I could hear every word the two said. Laughing at what they had done. Bragging about how they had expertly planned evidence pointing to Vampirella as a murderer... how they had shot both Pindragon and Vamps, making them 'pay' for their part in the death of her husband Richard... and how they had killed my father, so that Pindragon would know the agency he had to refuse, of being a blood one."

"Tears streamed from my eyes as I listened to their words filled... because And then I saw. The Baron turned toward me And for the first time, I could see his face!

It was the face of Paul Gleason... long-time friend and once one of my teachers at a most brilliant university... I couldn't believe it was Paul... that he had turned killer. I felt anger rising from my throat, and I could feel my cold steady palms grip tightly around the pistol I had carried since coming to New York.

"See VAMPIRELLA #24 and #25 'Into the Inferno' and 'What Price Love?'





"It's a fit at last. I smashed the mirror window. Glass shattered inward, taking both Sam and Paul by surprise. Tears streamed down my cheeks as I confronted them. As I confronted Paul. I had to know one thing. I had to find out. WHY? Why had Paul turned killer?"



"Out of hate?" came his answer. Hate for you and your father... and the way you left me to die on the island of Cote d'Ivoire? And out of love? Love for this girl whom your vengeance has hurt so badly?"

I overchecked Speechless. Van Helsing overblown in his statement to the police. "I didn't know what to do. Or say. My mind, reeling from hurt, could not even comprehend it all. And all I could see was the girl before me. Sam. Shouting. Laughing. Insanely laughing at my torment."

And then she looked at me and she looked at Paul. To Raven. To kill me. My longtime loved hesitated for a moment, then suddenly, daring his Ma pistol. And I knew.



"I had to KILL him or his blood?"

"I fired six shots... emptying my pistol at him."

"Then... I stood there, standing dumbly over my friend's body, watching his life's liquid essence spill onto the floor. I felt as if I were in a dream. A nightmare. As though none of this were real. But it was! And I, Adam Van Helsing, the eternal timeless wanderer, was not a murderer."

"See VAMPIRELLA #15 'The Resurrection of Papa Voodoo'?"





"I saw more than felt Sara's rage at what I had done. She was standing before me, growling as my screaming at me. Yanking her hatred in the only way she knew how. And then, her rage spent, she collapsed in tears. But I could feel no pity for her. For anyone, except myself."

She continued it all to me then, in those brief moments before the police burst into the apartment. She explained how she had loved her father - Pendergon - for years, never knowing him. Never seeing him. How he never came home after the second World War, desecrating her and her mother. Over the years that hatred grew, until it became the uncontrollable guiding force in her life. Then, one day, her husband, the unknown underground man, Richard Granville, took both her father and Yampolski captive, to torture the old man - to make him pay for the suffering he had caused Sara and her mother. Granville impressed Yampolski with drugs. And in a stupor, drug-induced, she killed Granville and free of his men.

The New Orleans police ruled it self-defense at the time, and dismissed the case. But now Sara had plotted new evidence - evidence which made Yampolski feel like a hideous blood-drinking monster.

But somehow, none of that seemed important now. To Sara not to my self. All that mattered was that Paul was dead. And I had killed him.

"As the police took us away, Sara's final words to me were not of hate - but of love. She too had loved Paul. Granted as he had loved her. She used him for her own vengeance-filled motives. But behind it all was as deep a love as she had given her husband. And since again, it was because of Sara's hatred for her father that that love had ended in bloodshed."





RIGHT
THIS WAY,
PUNK!

Van Helsing, who was taken to the city's stock market, was charged with manslaughter and kidnapping and shooting a fugitive. He has been heard over the radio at district court and will remain in police custody until that morning.

Further questioning of Van Helsing proved fruitless. He would not discuss the whereabouts of the mysterious girl known only as Vampira. Nor would he disclose the name of the hotel where he allegedly left her.



SMITH WRIGHT
WANTED TO
SEE THIS ONE
ALONE, CHIEF!



ALL RIGHT,
VAN HESLING.
I CHECKED
OUT YOUR
STORY...

...THE ONE YOU
TOLD ME ABOUT
THE GIRL COMING
FROM ANOTHER
PLANET!

AND Y'KNOW
SOMETHIN', BOY...
IT COULD JUST
BE TRUE!

When questioned, police also refused to comment on their knowledge of the girl. Nor was there any speculation as to the origin of the purported vampire and how she came to have her reported taste for human blood.

Authorities refused to comment on the girl can only raise questions as to what they actually knew about her. Are police coming up to road more systems in the streets of New York? If so, what exact, are they looking from the public? The knowledge that a woman who gives herself as blood is loose in the city? Is the girl truly a vampire-like killer similar to those found in ancient European legends? Or is she, as speculators suggest, a phantom from a futuristic planet, come to Earth as a guest for an advanced form of blood-drinking alien?



THE BIG WIGS
AT ANSA WERE
OBVIOUSLY
RELUCTANT TO
TELL ME ABOUT
THAT SUPPOSED
SECRET LAUNCH
OF THEIR BACK
IN '69.



BUT AFTER I
TOLD THEM WHAT
YOU HAD TOLD ME,
THEY ADMITTED
THERE WAS SUCH
A FLIGHT.

AND NOW
THEY'RE UP IN
NEW ENGLAND
LOOKING FOR
THEIR LOST
SPACESHIP!

Any theory ventured concerning the blood-sucking girl can only be as speculatively undetectable as she herself seems to be. And while police continue to search the city, far less they steadfastly deny any knowledge of her origin. She seems to have appeared from nowhere... only to have gone back there, into permanent hiding.



SO MAYBE YOUR
GIRL FRIEND IS AN
EXTRATERRESTRIAL
JUST AS YOU CLAIMED.

I JUST
WANTED YOU
TO KNOW THAT
I BELIEVE
YOUR STORY
BUT NO ONE
ELSE IS GOING
TO. SO I
SUGGEST WE
KEEP IT
BETWEEN US!



TWO BODIES DISCOVERED ON SKID ROW

NEW YORK (AP) The bodies of Kenneth "Sonny" Franks, 34, and Harry Fitzgerald Bowman, 24, were found in the Ritz Hotel this morning, on New York's lower West side.

The cause of each man's death could only be determined as severe loss of blood.

Franks and Bowman, two known street story men, specialized in snagging solitary victims in sleazy literary hotels. Their usual practice was to obtain a pass key and surprise the hotel's sleep- ing guests, attacking the victim and taking anything of value.

Apparently, Franks and Bowman were themselves surprised last night after entering the room on the third floor of the Ritz.

When asked to speculate as to the cause of the men's severe blood loss, the city coroner had only a "no comment."

Could the thieves have encountered the mysterious vampire gang police have been searching for since Wednesday night? If so, where has the "she" appeared to? These and other answers to the police's questions, he only crink the strange girl known as Vampirolla. And she seems to have also appeared in the perennial pit of smoke.

Will she manage to kill again?



VAMPIRELLA

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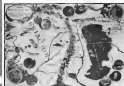


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